Where I'm From Poem  
By Angelo Rey  
  
  
I am from the basketball courts,  
From rough and hard cement.  
I am from the many dust and mud from games before me.  
I'm from the yellow streaky lines that spread all around me,  
The golden paint  
From where I triumphantly have romped many times.  
  
I'm from the compact spaces and angles of my bedroom,  
From the high-tech and complex gadgets.  
I am from the copious electronics stored in every nook and cranny,  
From my TV, XBOX360, and computer ( jet black, albino white, and tabletop gray).  
I'm from the gumball machine that spins down in different colors with each dime.  
I am from the dartboard where you wish to get a bullseye every single time.  
  
  
I am from those moments-  
Trying to keep them alive,  
Sitting on a branch that only makes me stronger

Waiting and watching

Supporting and transforming

Growing me.